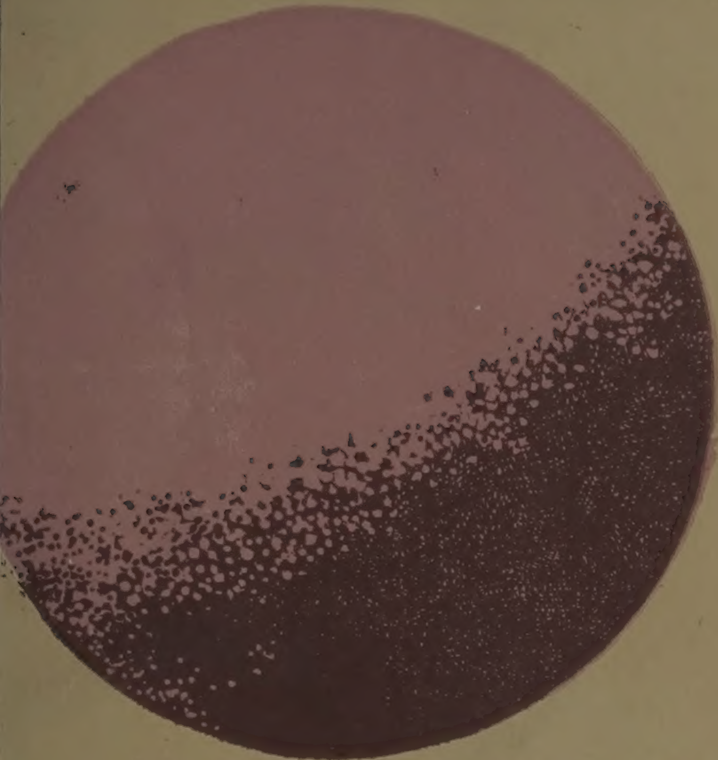


ANIKETANA

A quarterly journal of
Kannada literature for English readers

KARNATAKA SAHITYA ACADEMY
BANGALORE

3-4
Oct, 1992-Dec, 1992

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for English Readers)

EDITORS

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From the Editors

Contrary to our expectations this issue, too, has taken a little longer time in rolling out of the press. We are aware, the excuses we could offer would be no match for the eagerness of the subscribers for receiving the journal in time. But then, the Editors alone are not responsible for the recurring how-shall-we-explain-it situation.

While we do not despiar of our attempts at giving this journal a certain singular pattern, we make it clear that such an attempt needs the co-operation of the contributors. The question here is not one of bad carpenters quarreling with their tools but want of tolls themselves, despite the fact that the Land does not lack in good writers and translators. If only many of them could shed their sluggishness—and most of them their apathy—we would not have sought excuses of any sort.

This journal offers opportunities to those interested in translating the best in the realm of Kannada letters. Hence we welcome translations and not the original material. Contributors should not expect us to translate the original scripts they send. We may from time to time translate one or the other form to suit the journal, but not to the detriment of the contributors proper.

We prefer typed scripts— first copy with double space. With regard to poems, enclosing a fool-proof copy of the original poem/poems would be of much help to us.

Abdul Majeed Khan
(for the Editors)

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Harischandra and the outcaste maidens

From **'Harischandra Kavya' of Raghavanka**
Translated by : **K. Narasimha Murthy**

"What good is it, when one is impoverished,
To come into the possession of an elephant ?
What good, when one's throat is parched, to
come across
Ghee instead of water ? What good is it to come by
A veritable Rambha when one is grievously ill ?
What good sovereignty over the entire earth
Gained at death's door ? What good, O King,
to gift us,
With ever so much grace, these glittering jewels
When we sizzle and shrivel in this scorching sun ?"
(1)

So pleading, those two outcaste chanteuses
Importuned him thus, "Imagine on the other hand,
With what exhilaration and relief it would be greeted
Were you to take a lifeboat to one at sea
In danger of drowning or to a destitute, gold,
Or ambrosia to one desperately ill ?
Half-dead we are, tongues parched, sweltering in
the sun,
Bestow on us, Your Majesty, if you please,
The pearl-studded umbrella held over your head."
(2)

"For princes born in the sun's dynastic line,"
Replied the King, "this ceremonial umbrella
Is mandatory at coronation rites ;
And at its sight foes flee from the field of battle
And whoever stands beneath its shade is immune
From decline in power, distress, penury and infamy
And from hostility itself, not to speak of defeat.
Tell me, is it a thing to be given away?"

(3)

Unmoved the maidens pleaded with the King. "To give
What cannot be given marks true magnanimity,
While any one can give what can be given,"
And when questioned if any king had ever obliged
Suppliants bringing such extravagant suits
Cited the instances of Sibi and Dhadichi
And when told their acts were acts of charity
Urged him to favour them with charity too.

(4)

"Give it in any form but only give it,"
They pressed him. "Make it, if you like, a perfect present
In appreciation of our mellifluous music, or a boon
In answer to our prayer, or a grant to suit
Our elite status, or an offering at sage Kausik's feet,
Or a gallant's tribute to our glamorous beauty,
Or a friendly indulgence for knowing each other's minds.
Or an act on compassionate impulse earning merit.
Or a deed done in full trust, with not a trace of suspicion
Redounding, O gracious king, to your great renown."

(5)

When the King objected that, while it was possible
That one could be won over to give or give up anything,
Those super heroes were yet to be born, who could

Give away or give up their fathers, mothers, wives,
The families wholly relying on them and their God,
They pointed out they had not asked of him
Any of these but only his umbrella,
But he declared that besides it he had no other parents.
6)

"A wife it is in that it is inalienable,
A father in that it comes down the dynastic line,
A divinity in that at coronation time
It is duly worshipped, a mother in that it offers shade,
A full-fledged army in that on the field of battle
It strikes terror into the heart of the enemy,
Such virtue resides in this royal umbrella
That whosoever chooses, nevertheless, to give it away
Would be called the biggest fool in all the three worlds."
(7)

Thus the King, Then those damsels anguished, distraught,
Folded their hands and yearningly and plaintively pleaded,
"Here we with exceedingly high expectations came
Hearing of your world-wide renown for charity.
Leave not those expectations unfulfilled,
Leave us not sighing and sorrowing, we pray you,
Be our loving husband and relieve our heart's distress,
O King Harischandra, wed us, we beseech you."
(8

"For us, princes born of the sun's dynastic line
Which stretches as far back as the earth's creation,
Brides have so far been proposed by royal houses
Equalling our lineage, our valour and our fame,
What decadence is it, what degeneration
In the times we live in and in the land we live on
That outcaste women now come and offer to be our wives!"
(9)

Flared up so the outraged, infuriated King.
But they challenged him, ' Holy is milk but is
The udder s flesh that yields it in any way holy ?
Honey is sweet but is the bee in any way sweet
That makes it ? Fragrant is musk but how fragrant
Do you find the musk-deer's navel ? Whatever their origin,
Are not musk, milk and honey accepted by the Gods ?
Superior merit triumphs over every shortcoming.
Why think of lineage, why think of caste,
When you have before you such youth, such beauty ?"

(10)

"Why indeed ? Why indeed ?" mocked the King, retorting,
"Would one bathe, if one knew, in water from a drain ?
Would one drink if one could get milk from a bitch ?
Would one fancy making love, seeing you are outcastes
However smart you may be, however luscious your shape
And bursting ripe your youth ? Save us, O Shiva !
Save us, O Shiva ! What profanities you do utter !"

(11)

Not ones to be outdone, the outcastes rejoined ;
"Listening to our melodies, your ears are not polluted,
Lavishing praises on us, your tongue is not polluted,
Lingering on our loveliness, your eyes are not polluted.
Breathing the fragrance of our limbs and of the flowers in our hair
Carried by the cool breeze, your nostrils are not polluted.
But touching us pollutes you, Of the five senses we have
Is one alone noble, and all the others base ?"

(12)

Rebutting their arguments, the King pointed out,
"The eyes perceive by seeing from a distance,
The ears perceive by hearing from a distance,
The nostrils perceive by smelling from a distance,
None of them do so by touching. To take an example,
Live embers do not burn the eyes that look at them
Nor do they burn the ears that hear them crackling
Nor the nostrils that smell them. But the least touch,
and you get burnt.
Out with you. I have had enough of your sophistries."

(13)

"To look at women of base birth is forbidden,
But if by chance you do look, you are not to speak,
And if it should happen you speak, you are not to
treat them
With any courtesy and if, indeed, you do,
You are not to give them gifts and if you do so, too,
There you stop and go no further. So, young ladies,
expect not
To become my wives. It would be most improper."

(14)

"Born outcastes because of a curse," the maidens
pleaded,
"We came with fond hopes to be freed from it and fully
Purged, by consorting and contact with one so
nobly born,
Of the baseness of our birth. Pray, do not deny us
our desire."
But the King was firm he could not foul his lineage
For their sake. No sin accrued, they argued
to the Ganges
For washing off men's sins. The cases were not alike,
Averred the King and asked how much of acid
It needed for a whole pailful of milk to go sour.

(15)

Finding themselves at a dead end, and turning refractory
They finally declared, "We can no more find words
To match yours. However, we to love you to distraction, drawn
By your valour, your youth, your good looks, your greatness, your renown.
It hardly becomes you not to comfort those
Here for love of you. Do what you will, dear King
We will follow you, we will never leave you, till
You gratify our desire becoming our husband."

(16)

"What good would that do?", mocked the King "You would but join
The many outcastes already in my camp."
"We will not give you up," they swore and threatened,
"We will come along, proclaiming, complaining, appealing
To the world at large how you fancied us, lured us,
Wooed us, won us over and then betrayed and deserted us."
The King was furious and thundered to his men,
"Belabour them, break their teeth and lacerate their mouths."

(17)

'Harischandra Kavya'- A Note

K. Narasimha Murthy

Raghavanka, the distinguished Veerashaiva poet of the 13th century, is the first poet to produce a whole epic in the six-lined shatpadi a desi or native metre. 'Harischandra Kavya', the most famous of his six epical works, is not only a work of historical importance in this way but intrinsically also it is a work of high poetic distinction. It has been acclaimed as perhaps the finest retelling of the story of Harischandra in any Indian language. The story is quite ancient, one version of it going back to the Aittareya Brahmana. While following mostly the contours of the traditional puranic story, Raghavanka has further enriched it with a few variations of his own, which enable him to reflect all the more effectively the values and ideals of the new faith of his times, viz Veerashaivism. What distinguishes his work is the highly dramatic way he presents this powerful story. He interweaves with amazing skill entire dramatic scenes with his fluent narration, revealing an outstanding mastery over the Vardhaka Shatpadi metre. Through the epic finally justifies the ways of God to men with divine intervention at the end, it is undoubtedly for the most part high tragedy, presenting as it does human suffering in high places, as unmerited as it is unbearable, and faced with unshakeable faith and heroic fortitude in Harischandra as he affirms God is Truth and Truth, God. This King of the renowned Ikshwaku line is prepared to go through endless sufferings rather than violate the system of values he believes

in and swerve from what he considers his duty to God and man.

Of the several impressive episodes in the epic mention may be made of the royal hunt, the outcaste chanteuses' demand that the king should make them his queens, the poignant death by accident of the prince and the queen's lamentation and the king s servitude endured with exemplary equanimity under the guardian of the cremation ground. The extract, the English version of which follows, presents the highly dramatic dialogue between the king on the one hand and the outcaste maidens on the other who, despatched with ulterior designs by sage Viswamitra, win him over with their mellifluous music and go on from demanding first his royal umbrella to demanding finally that he wed them. It is difficult to say which to admire more, the thrilling cut and thrust of the dialectics or the argument itself which, though, as it is presented in this particular context, it may sound specious is advanced with real conviction, affirming as it does the Veerashaiva ideal of a casteless society which rejects the very notion of untouchability and is most forward-looking and revolutionary.

Bhakti Literature in Karnataka : An Approach to Dasasahitya

G. S. Amur.

It can be said on the authority of the **Padmapurana** that the Bhakti tradition in India originated in the South and reached its highest peak in Karnataka (Jataha drāvidē deshe karnate paramam gata). Chaitanya, Tulasidas and Kabir of rhe North,[2] Vallabhacharya of Gujarat[3] and the saint-poets of Maharashtra[4] derived their main inspiration from the South. Between the seventh and sixteenth centuries of the Christian era, three great movements were initiated in Bhakti--one led by the Shaiva poets and the Alwars of Tamil Nadu and the other two led by the Shivasharanas and the Haridasas of Karnataka. The period between the twelfth and the sixteenth centuries saw a great flowering of Bhakti literature in the Kannada language, Sharana Sahitya which produced masters like Basaveshvara, Allamaprabhu and Akkamahadevi and Dasa Sahitya of which the pioneers were Shripadaraya, Vyasaraya, Purandaradasa and Kanakadasa.

Dasasahitya and Sharanasahitya have much in common. Both are mass-oriented socio-religious movements and both use the medium of the Kannada language. It can even be argued that the former was influenced by the latter. There are, however, clear differences between the two movements :

1 Sharanasahitya has its source in Virashaivism which

is essentially a protestant movement. Haridasa-sahitya is firmly rooted in **Sanatanadharam**.

2 Sharanasahitya is Shaiva in its orientation and preaches Shivabhakti. Haridasasahitya is a Vaishnava movement and preaches Vishnubhakti.

3 Sharanasahitya borrows its philosophical concepts from the Shivagamas and the Shatsthalasiddhanta. The philosophical framework of Haridasasahitya is derived from Madhvacharya's dualistic interpretation of the **Prasthanatraya**

4 Vachana, the literary form adopted by Sharanashaitya is a variety of rhythmic prose, though in recent years attempts have been made to set the Vachanas to music. The Shivasaranas wrote songs as well [5] but these are not so widely known Dasasahitya has a strong musical component. Its literary forms, Kirtane, Suladi and Ugabhoga are musical forms as well. [6] Purandaradasa, the most famous of the Haridasas is as much in the musical tradition of South India as in the literary tradition of Karnataka.

Shripadaraya (C 1420-86) is generally considered the originator of Dasasahitya, though there were early pioneers like Naraharitirta (13th Century) who was a direct disciple of Sri Madhvacharya and composed devotional songs in Kannada. The real flowering of Dasasahitya, however, appeared in the Sixteenth Century which saw the emergence of the greatest of the Haridasa's Purandaradasa (1480-1564) and Kanakadasa. Both these poets were indebted to Vyasaraya, (1478-1539) who set an example by his own compositions. The second flowering occurred in the Eighteenth Century which saw a new generation of Haridasa's the most prominent of whom were the Vijayadasa (1687-1765) and Jagannathadasa (1726-1809).

Dasasahitya marked an important departure for the **brahmin** writers in terms of the choice of language. Quite a few of them continued to use Sanskrit for the exposition of philosophical ideas for learned audiences, but they also composed songs in Kannada for the common people.

II

Baakti has been defined in terms of **anurakti (sa paranuraktirishvare**– Shandilya)[7], **anuraga (pujodisu anuragah**–Vyasa),[8] **prema** (**sa tasmin paramapremarupa**— Narada),[9] **sneha (mahatmyadnyanapurbastu sneho bhaktiriti proktah**—Madhvacharya)[10] directed towards Ishvara or Bhagavanta. These terms are often qualified by words like ('para' and 'parama' to indicate the distinctive nature of the emotion involved. **Prema**, according to Narada is the form (**rupa**) that **bhakti** assumes but in its essence (**svarupa**)[11] **it is** immortal (**amrita**). The manifestation of **bhakti** is identifiable in its effects on those who practice it. Those who achieve it are transformed into **siddhas**; they are blessed with fulfilment and immortality; they are freed from desire, indulgence and excitement.[12] Those who know **bhakti** are led into a state of intoxication stillness and inner peace.[13] They dedicate all their actions to God and their greatest sorrow is seperation from Him.[14] The love that the **gopis** of Vraja had for Krishna is offered as the model of true **bhakti**. Narada, and following him Madhvacharya, argue that **bhakti** is always preceded by a full awareness of the greatness (**mahatmya**) of God. The **gopis** had such an awareness.[15]

Bhakti is distinguished from **Shraddha**, **Jnana**, **Karma** and **Yoga**.[15] **Shraddha** is a more general concept than **bhakti**. Narada argues that **bhakti** is grater than **karma**, **jnana** or **yoga**. While all these are means to an end, **bhakti** is the end itself (**phalarupatvat**).[16] In Madhvacharya's view jnana is constituent of **bhakti**.[17] (**bhaktirjnyanamatiryate**). **Bhakti** in its highest manifestations is a blend of **prema** and **jnana**. **Jnana**

is not cold apprehension and it should be characterised by warmth and spontaneity. On the other hand, **bhakti** must be strengthened and enriched by study, reflection and concentration. The study of the Shastras, moral perfection and detachment from wordly pleasures are essential conditions for the practice of **bhakti**.[18]

Madhvacharya distinguishes three kinds of **bhakti**: (i) one that precedes **parokshajnana** (ii) another that follows it and (iii) a third that comes after **aparokshajnana.**[19] Jayatirtha's terms for these three kinds are **i bhakti ii pakvabhakti** (mature **bhakti**) and **iii paripakvabhakti** (**bhakti** that i s fully ripe).[20] Narada speaks of **parabhakti** and **gaunibhakti**. He says **gaunibhakti** is itself of three types depending on the **gunas**.[21] **Parabhakti** and **paripkvabhakti** are to be equated with the **ahaitukibhakti** (disinterested love) mentioned in the Bhagavatapurana, another important source of the **bhakti** tradition. The **mukhyabhakti** of Narada's terminology is also synonymous with terms mentioned above.

How does one achieve **bhakti** ? The **Naradabhaktisutras** offer an elaborate answer to this question, but the main emphasis is on the role played by the grace of God and the **mahatmas.** (**mukhyatastu mahatkrpaiva bhagavatkrpaleshat ca**).[22] Withdrawal from the pleasures of the senses, uninterrupted worship of God, listening to and singing His glory— are some of the practical means to achieve **bhakti.**[23] The true **bhakta** who aspires to transcend **maya** must practise **virakti** (detachment), serve the great souls, give up security, rise above the three **gunas**, refuse the fruits of **karma**, and renounce even the desire for **moksha**.[24] Such a **bhakta** wins the all exclusive and uninterrupted love of God.[25]

Since **bhakti** is of the nature of love, it is by difinition ineffable. (**anirvachaniya**). It can only be described in terms of the effect it has on the **bhakta.** It is free from the opera-

tion of the **gunas** and desires, has an accretive and unbroken quality and it is extremely subtle.[26] It can only be experienced and not described. The **bhakta** who attains it, is totally absorbed with it, physically and mentally. **Bhakti** does not breed contempt for the life in the world. On the contrary, the true **bhakta** has the ability to transform the profane into the sacred. Since he is one with God (**tanmaya**) he is beyond discriminations of all types— caste, knowledge, beauty, family, wealth and profession.[27]

The **Naradabhaktisutras** describe eleven ways in which a **bhakta** can relate himself to God. These are (i) realisation of the greatness of His qualities (ii) contemplation on His form (iii) worshipping Him (iv) remembering Him (v) serving Him (vi) seeking His company (vii)of fer of tenderness (viii) offer of a feminine devotion (ix) dedication (x) the feeling of oneness with Him and (xi) the anguished awareness of separation from Him.[28] The emotions that the **bhakta** experiences— **Shanta, dasya, sakhya, vatsalya, madhura**— generally correspond to the way he chooses to relate himself to God.

III

B. N. K. Sharma says in a learned article included in **Purandaradasaru**[29] that the Haridasa movement represents the last stage of the development of the Bhagavatadharma which according to him is the same as **Vishnubhakti**. Sharma points out that Madhvacharya was the first to grasp the significance of the **Taittariya** saying **tam twa bhaga pravishani sa twa bhaga pravisha** (May **bhakta** enter **bhaga**; may **bhaga** enter **bhakta**) and show the connection between **bhaga**, a concept which stands for **Shadgunya** consisting of **jnana, ananda, aisvarya, dhairya, sthairya** and **audarya**. The Haridasas were **bhagavatas** in the sense that they upheld the **visnutattva**. Their

songs are manifestations of **Vishnubhakti** They used a variety to sources including the **Vedas**, the **Upanishads**, the **Gita**, the **puranas** like the **Bhagavata** and the scholarly writings of Madhvacharya and his disciples. In terms of their dogmatic heritage their mission was to simplify and propagate the **dvaita** system propounded by Madhvacharya and this they did with great zeal. In the corpus of Dasasahitya there are innumerable compositions which deal with the basic tenets of the Dvaita philosophy. The Haridasas also wrote a large number of poems of a social nature. Like the Shivasaranas they spent considerable energy exposing social evils, in particular the various forms of hypocrisy practised in the name of religion. But, more importantly, they gave poetic expression to the authentic experience of the quest for the divine under the direction of the entire **bhakti** tradition associated with Bhagavatadharma. The lasting value of Dasasahitya dwells undoubtedly in its rich **bhakti** content.

The Haridasa's had fully grasped the truth that love was of the essence of **Bhakti**. In a famous composition which begins with the following lines :

Hari will not hear
He will not suffer
A song that has
Rhythm and harmony
But no love

Purandaradasa says that all the musical instruments or the expert knowledge of the science of music are of no avail when the name of the Lord is not uttered and the singer is not thrilled with joy by his love for Him.

The Haridasas stress the importance of the negative as well as the positive aspects of Bhakti. **Virakti** or detachment from worldly pleasures is, according to them. an essential ingredient in the individual's preparation for the practice of

bhakti. An awareness of the transitoriness of life or the R.D. Ranade's words 'the incentive of evanescnce'[20] acts as a powerful force in inducing **virakti.** There are innumerable songs in **dasasahitya** which give expression to this awareness. Consider, for instance, the following **kirtane** from Purandaradasa :

In this borrowed world
There's none I can call my own.
It's a bubble on water
O Hari, it is not real.

With a dry mouth
I approached a well
But the well O Hari
Went dry and empty.

Driven by heat and storm
I sought the shelter of a tree.
But the bended tree O Hari
Descended on my head.

I dwelt in a forest
And tied a cradle to a tree,
But O Hari the child itself
Was nowhere to be seen,

O Father, Purandaravithala
Take care of me when death comes.

Though the image of the 'bubble on water' is a conventional symbol of evanescence, the sequence of images that follows—the well that dries up, the tree that comes down on the head of the man that seeks shelter, and the cradle bereft of the child ('The parrot Is not in his cage') is original and effective. It brings out the radical discontinuity between human desire and objective reality. The last two lines of the

poem where the **bhakta** seeks divine intervention fill the breach and restore continuity. The theme of evanescence figures also in a well known **ugabhoga** by Purandaradasa :

So should we live in this world
As ordained in the past.

The bird landed in the verandah
The next moment it flew away ;
Children built a house to play.
They pulled it down and ran away.
People gathered in the marketplace,
Business over they went their ways.
Here the traveller spent a night,
Before the dawn broke he was out of sight.

O Purandaravithala, lord of creation,
Release me from the maya of this world.

The manner in which the poem marshals imagery drawn from day to day life for a cumulative effect reveals the hand of a master craftsman.

Among the positive means to the achievement of **bhakti** the most important is the act of total surrender. There is a **suladi** by Shripadaraya where the **bhakta** enters into an argument with the Lord on this subject and ends up with a prayer ;

Why do you fill me with illusions
When I have surrendered all I have,
Body, mind and possessions ?
There should be no taxes when
The goods themselves are turned over.
O merciful Lord, Rangavithala,
Shelter me in the safety of your feet.

Shripadaraya was a profond Sanskrit scholar, but his songs

which had a decisive influence on the mode and idiom of the Haridasas, are remarkable for the simplicity of language and the freshness of imagery.

There is a remarkable **kIrtane** by Vyasaraya, the great philosopher and saint from whom Purandaradasa received his initiation and **ankita**, which brings together most of the forms of **upasana** enumerated in the **naradabhaktisutras—rupasakti**, Smaranasakti, **Atmanivedanasakti** and **Tanmayatasakti.**

Will it not suffice
If eyes enjoy your beauty,
Ears hear vour words,
Tongue tastes your name
Hairs bristle with rapture,
Body swells with love,
And, forgetful of self,
I chant your name, O Ranga ?
O Shri Krishna, since I crave
For no company but yours,
Bless me with auspicious joy !

The central emphasis of the song is on the Bhakta's longing for total identification with the deity, through a full involvement of the senses and the mind, resulting in an experience of rapturous joy.

A precondition of the attainment of true **bhokti** is a preparedness, as in the case of the **vrajagopikas** to renounce all earthly relationships. Kanakadasa, next only to Purandaradasa in the Dasa hierarchy in **Sadhana** and poetic power, has a song which brings this out powerfully ;

How can I abandon your feet and yet live ?
These are not mere words ; I speak from knowleege.

Parents I can leave and go for penance,
Brothers and cousins can be deserted,
I can leave the State if the king is displeased,
But the feet of the Lord I cannot leave.

Even when hungry I can refuse food,
I can surrender the land I own,
And leaving wife and children, enter a forest,
Even for a moment, I cannot leave the feet of the Lord.

My life I can give up if need there be,
Bend my proud head in humiliation,
Adikeshava, lord of my life,
I will not abandon the shelter of your feet.

Kanakadasa speaks from knowledge not merely because he is sure of the strength of his own bhakti but also because he has mythological models before him- Dhruva, Prahlada, Bali and others—to support his claim.

Finally, let us consider a couple of songs where the experience of true **bhakti** or God realisation coustitutes the theme. First a song from Mahipatidasa ;

Blessed with the company of Haridasas,
What else, what else do I need ?

Freed from the deluding Samsara,
What else, what else, do I need ?

The image of Hari fixed in my heart,
What else, what else do I need ?

The love of the Child of Bliss is mine,
What else, what else do I need ?

The poem places before us the entire sequence of spiritual events—the joy of **satsanga**, freedom from bondage to the

world, firm possession of the divine form, the experience of ineffable joy and attainment of God's love.

The second song is from Jagannathadasa, the best known of the later Haridasa's :

The doors of my mind are opened today,
I receive with joy the fruits of my **punya.**

They were locked and sealed ages ago,
With demons hidden deep inside.
In overwhelming darkness. I could see nothing,

And all these days I have lived in ignorance
But through the grace of the Guru
I found the key called mercy,
And chanting the name of the Lord
In the company of the Bhagavatas, I opened the lock.

The creatures around me fled, I was alone.
With the lamp of jnana in my hand
I entered the house of beauty and spledour,
It had four outer doors and five inner.

The hall was resplendent with a million suns,
And in the middle I saw, lit by a beautiful smile,
The one Satchidananda, Lord of Rama,
And companions bearing his own form.

R. D. Ranade has described this song as 'one of the most splendid poems which give us in brief the whole history of spiritual life'[22]. It begins with an experience of the dark night of the soul, and passing through the various stages of **sadhana**—the grace of the **guru**, the acquisition of **satsanga**, **upasana** in the form of **namasmarane**,—it reaches the final stage where the **bhakta** stands face to face with God. There

is a journey in the poem but it is directed entirely inwarde because Vaikunta, the home of Visnu, is located in the house of the Bhakta and not outside. Jagannathadasa sustains the central image of the house throughout the poem, but his genius was more didactic than Purandaradasa's and the poem is allegorical rather than symbolic in its structure.

NOTES

1. Quoted by D. R. Bendre, *Sahityada Viratsvarupa*, Samaja Pustakalaya, Dharwad. p 829

2. & 3. R. S. Panchamukhi, *An Introduction to Haridasa-sahitya of Karnataka*, Published by the author, Dharwad, 1963, pp. xxv—xxvi.

4. Burli Bindumadhava(ed) *Purandaradasaru*, Minchina-balli, Dharwad, 1964, p. 13.

5. L. Basavaraju, *Sivagitamrita*, 1963.

6. K. Gokulnath, *Sri Vijayadasaru*, Sindhusayana-prakasana, Bangalore, 1978, p. 20.

7. *Religion of Love or Hundred Aphorisms of Sandilya*, tr. J. Mozoomdar, Jessore, 1913, Sutra 2.

8. Swami Tyagisananda(ed) *Narada Bhakti Sutras*, Sri Ramakrishamath, Madras, 1955, Sutra 16.

9. Ibid., Sutra 2.

10. B. N. K. Sharma, *Philosophy of Sri Madavacharya* Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, 1962, p. 289.

11. *Narada Bhakti Sutras*, Sutras 2 & 3,

12. & 13. Ibid., Sutras 4-6.

14. Ibid., Sutra 19,

15. Ibid., Sutras 21-22.

16. Ibid., Sutra 26.

17. Burli Op. Cit. p. 6.

18. Sharma, Op. Cit., p. 289.

19. & 20. Ibid., p. 296.

21. *Narada Bhakti Sutras.* Sutra 56.

22. Ibid., Sutra 38.

The Folk Song of Sangolli Rayanna

C. N. Hiremath

Many folk songs have been composed on Sangolli Rayanna. We get these folk songs in these various collections now published They are 'Five Historical Folk Songs' edited by Dr. Fleet' "The Folk Songs of Belgaum District" "Sangolli Rayanna in the Folk Literature" Though Sangolli Rayanna is the hero the main character who plays the pivotal role in these folk songs, the poets who composed these folk songs belong to different ages and different regions. Hence there are bound to be many differences and variations in their account and narration. But they only accentuate and highlight the personality of Rayanna and help us understand his personality and character more closely and accurately.

The folk song which I have selected differs from other folk songs as it contains certain new items in the story which are not found in the other folk songs. It narrates how Rayanna and his friends wanted to go to the festival of Mysore. Just then an invitation from the King arrives. Rayanna and his friends eccept the invitation in great jubilation and go to Mysore at the time of the Dasara Festival. They participate in the wrestling competition. They vanquish the well-known wrestlers and win the appreciation and praise of the King.

Who is the poet who composed this song ? The information we get from the body of the poem is scanty and vague.

In the concluding lines of the prayer song to Lord Ganapathi we learn that the poet is Kallanna the king of poets (Kallanna Kaviraja). The poet naturally prays to the Lord Vighnesewar for His grace and Darshana so that he could compose the folk song without difficulties and impediments. He tells us that he is narrating what Bheemu and Bassayya have told him.

At the outset the poet exhibits his modesty saying that he is narrating the account of the brave adventures and exploits of a great hero, Sangolli Rayanna. He is conscious he is narrating before a celebrated and learned audience before whom he is only a kid. Therefore he craves their indulgedce and sympathetic hearing.

The Story

In the Taluk of Bailhongal there is a village called Sangolli. There Rayanna was born of Kenchanna and Mayavva, Kurubas by caste. He grew up strong and valiant like Hanuman. Veerabhadra and Bhimasen. He grew up as handsome as the moon on the full moon day. This handsomeness was nature's own gift. When he was five years old he was sent to the school. He was handsome as well as intelligent. And the teacher who taught him was pleased with his good looks and intelligence. At the age of seven he had already passed the primary school-leaving examination. He was already well versed in the three R's reading, writing and arithmatics. He developed friendship with Vaddar Yanka of a Stone-cutter family, Gajavara and Channabasava with the unsheathed sword. He used to take physical exercise everydoy along with his friends and have wrestling bouts. Already they were experts in wrestling. They were now young men bristling with youth and vitality, itching for deeds of valour, adventure and exploits. They decided to go to see the Dasara festival at Mysore to see the wrestling matches of famous wrestling wrestlers. When they had thus made up their mind to go to Mysore, as good lucg would have it, they received an invita-

tion from the King himself inviting them for the festival. Their joy knew no bounds. They went to Mysore, met the King and saluted him. There at the Dasara festival wrestling matches were going on between famous wrestlers from all over the country. Rayanna had a wresrling match with the wrestler from Ratnagiri. Vaddar Yanka wrestled with the from Panjyapur. They vanquished them both. These four wrestler valiant young men challenged anybody to come and wrestle with them. But nobody dared to come forward and accept their challenge. Their fame spread far and wide all over Hubli and Dharwad and throughout Karnataka.

His father Kurubar Kenchappa was pleased and proud of his son's exploits and fame. He took him to Hongal and got him appointed as a messenger boy in Kulkarni Venkappa's House. For three montns he lived a very happy life. On the Sankranti festival day, Kulkarni Venkappa tock him along with him. On the way Venkappa took bath in the Malaprabha river and was perforning Pooja loudly chanting Mantras. He ordered Rayanna to wash his dhoti and bring it. Raya thought that it was an insulting and humiliating job for a valiant young man like him He was very angry that a menial task was expected of a proud, self-respecting brave young man like him Therefore he flately refused to obey him and do the work which he considered beneath his dignity. Kulkarni was naturally very angry that Raya could thus dare to disobey him. He went home and sent for Kenchappa, Under the pretext that he had not paid the revenue he started belabouring and beating him. Kenchappa told his tale of woe to his son Raya, with tears in his eyes. Raya promised to pay the revenue by selling his pair of bullocks and took them to Sampagavi fair to sell them. When he came back he saw that Kulkarni had sent for his father and made him stand in the hot sun with a heavy stone almost breaking his back. Raya's eyes were spitting fire at the humiliation of his father. He threw down the big stone on his father's back. That very

night he took his revenge on the Kulkarni by setting his house on fire The news reached the Mamledar and the Police Sub-Inspector. With a police party they came to Sangolli but could not take Rayanna prisoner. The Police and the Foujdar were no match for the united strength and bravery of the four friends. They fled pell mell in terror. Rayanna and his friends cut off the heads of the Mamledar and the Sub-Inspector and hung them at the entrance gate of Sampgavi. They went to Godanahalli Lake and took shelter there. The collector got wild with anger and sent an army of five hundred soldiers to arrest him. The news made Rayanna very alert. He and his friends collected dried up thorny bushes all in a heap and lighted it up and all the four waited outside. At the stroke of the midnight hour the English army came and thinking that Rayanna and his friends were inside, went inside. But finding that they were not inside the collector got angry. The collector ordered his men to shoot Rayanna. The tongues of fire enveloped the army. Unable to bear the searing flames when they were trying to come out, they were pushed inside. By the break of dawn the entire army perished. Now Raya and his friends were overjoyed that their plan had succeeded and went to Jamakhandi. The king wanted him to fight with a wrestler from Mudhol. And a death grapple took place between the two wrestlers and in no time the wrestler from Mudhol was vanquished and killed. The king of Jamakhandi was very much pleased and sent him with a small army of five hundred at his request. They came to Sampagavi back. The English hearing of it came and invaded with their army. At night the English army pitchep their tents behind Sampgavi. Raya disguised as a seller of hay entered their tents in pitch darkness, took all their arms and amunition and came out and bundling them all threw them into the lake. Bereft of their arms and amunition the English could not do any thing. They were easily defeated and had to fly suffering heavy losses. The English attacked again with their Sikh army inflicting heavy losses. But Raya and his men with their exceptional,

dare-devil courage could beat them back. The four of them now came to Bellodgi when they were talking. Halabar Tippa hiding himself behind a stack of hay, shot Raya. His friends caught him and threw him in the burning hay. Then they came to Sampagavi. They set on fire the Taluk Office. The news of their exploits reached Queen Channamma of Kittur. And she sent a letter inviting them. The Queen welcomed them. The English army invaded Kittur. Rayanna and his friends with their exceptional bravery were responsible for a resounding victory over the English. The English were painfully aware that Rayanna was the cause of their humiliating and crushing defeat. They made plans to arrest him. After elaborate and secret enquiry they came to know that Rayanna was an intimate friend of the Patel of Gonal The Patel of Gonal agreed to arrest Rayanna, falling a prey to their bribe. He secretly wrote a letter to them that they should come with a small army on the next Thursday and secretly wait. He invited Rayanna to his house on Thursday. When Rayanna had descended into the well to take his bath and when his friends had gone for their morning the english toilet, nine hundred strong attacked him. Even then Raya snatched a stone slab and bravely defended himself and killed about thirty soldiers. He was over-powered and he was bound hand and foot and was taken away prisoner. The heart-breaking news reached Kittur. The Queen herself lamented his arrest. The people bemoaned that the lamp of Bailhongal Taluk was extinguished. Raya was hanged at Nandgad. Thus ended the story of a great hero and an unrivalled patroit.

The poet again refers to himself as Bhimsingh and that he comes from Shivangi. Rayanna and his friends were forever enshrined in the grateful memory of the people ever afterwards.

This is a folk song of Haradeshi Tradition. The poet

narrates the story in a simple, forceful and direct manner without frills and flourishes. The heroic figure and personality of Rayanna with his brave exploits and adventures are chiselled out in bold and clear lines. Apt and well chosen similes flesh out the charecter in flesh and blood and make him come out alive.

x x x

The text is 'Sangolli Rayanna' from 'Dharawada Jilleya Lavanigalu' Edited by T. S. Rajappa. Published by Kannada Adhyayana Samsthe, Mysore University.

VANITY

by **Abdul Majeed Khan**

Those invitees who had considered the dinner more important than the wedding, had begun to rush towards the adjacent *shamiyana*. Lifting the very chairs on which they were sitting in the main *shamiyana* they began occupying places before the dining tables. Their hustle raised plenty of dust besides creating commotion and noise. Like vultures poised to swoop down on their prey, they were fidgeting to taste the *biryani* steaming hot and fresh. But in their scramble for it they might have hit anybody with the chairs they were hauling, and those getting hit on the head or in the eye might have to run to a clinic instead of returning home safely. Considering it all, Rahmat Khan went to the rear of the *shamiyana* and sat beside his friend Suleiman Saheb whom he had spotted from a distance but could not approach earlier. Now that he had a companion he felt great relief.

A bard was reciting aloud, before the mike, a *sehra* (the verse that eulogises the bride and the bridegroom) which hardly seemed to elicit enough appreciation. A few more poetasters were waiting for their turns, After that there would be the formality of offering gifts to the newly married couple and their relatives. All that might take another hour or even more. By then the hubbub at the dining tables

would abate and they could dine leisurely, the two friends thought.

The bridegroom was a medical graduate. Many friends of his had gathered there. They all wanted to dine with the bridegroom, knowing that they too would receive special treatment along with him.

Ashraaf Ahmed, the bridegroom, was no ordinary doctor. He had the distinction of passing each public examination after several attempts. He had taken a decade and a half to finish his medical course. There had been no dearth of funds for buying a seat with capitation fee, nor for meeting the recurring expenses of the course spread over half a decade. Now he had secured a father in-law who would compensate for it all many times over. And was it not his good luck that he, at thirtyfive, had won a bride half his age? No better example than this could prove that affluence can create any convenience and make amends for any shortcomings.

Being a distant relation of the bridegroom, Rahmat Khan had heard enough gossip about Ashraaf. At his second attempt at the matriculation examination Ashraaf had daringly copied the answers from his neighbour Hameed. In some subjects he had scored more marks than Hameed himself. As his name had figured alphabetically first, and accordingly his seat number, the valuer must have doubted that Hameed himself must have copied the answers from Ashraaf. The teacher and Hameed's friends can easily guess it. But as Ashraaf could not copy the answers in all the subjects properly, he had to appear for those subjects in which he had failed again and again.

Soon after Ashraaf's pre-university examination his father Musharraf Ali went to the capital city and stayed there for months together. He spent half a lakh of rupees to have his son score the minimum marks required for eligibility to get a

medical seat, thanks to the connivance of some officials on the Board. If only he had earned money the hard way, he would have felt the pinch or he would be incapable of undertaking such a venture at all. But after he assumed the office of the Anjuman's President, almost thirty per cent of the income from Anjuman's property found its way into the personal account of Musharraf Ali.

When the matter concerns the income of an Anjuman's property, there must at least be two rival groups among the brethren; and quarrels, litigations, and other relative affairs. They necessitate the role of officials, legislators, demagogues and the so-called social workers at one or the other stage. Visiting the capital city frequently for these exigencies and staying at one or the other lodge seemed the rather torturous affair. To mitigate the inconveniences Musharraf Ali occupaid a room in a lodge on a permanent rental basis. With the help of a middleman he got his son's problem solved in a jiffy. Even his illiterate servants could easily remark that Ashraaf was incapable of scoring even 25% in the examination.

It was compulsory that a candidate should score a minimum of 50% marks at the qualifying examination for securing a medical seat on the basis of capitation fee, donation, etc. A corrupt Director turned out to be very generous in helping Musharraf Ali. The middlemen took him to the Director's private aparment and requested him to do the favour.

"What is the capitation fee you have to pay for the medical seat?" the Director asked.

"The seat has already been booked and reserved, Sir; two years ago", replied the middleman.

"Oh, I see! Its all right; but all the same how much have you paid for it?"

"One lakh, Sir. And that was through the good offices of a member of the College management; otherwise two or three....".

' Had you paid me that much I would have manouvred things in such a way that it would help the boy get a seat in the General Merit pool itself. What a blunder! It's all right; let bygones be bygones....Hi, hi, ...why should we cry over split milk ... it's no good, you see. We shall now do what's best in this behalf. Pay me fifty thousand, and don't utter a word about it anywhere outside.... Hi, hi,...." the Director said unashamedly.

Those men did likewise. And Ashraaf's marks card rolled out of the computer without any hitch anywhere, showing the required marks on it. And a few months later he strutted about the town calling himself a 'medico'. He made the duration of his course as silvery as he could. Now he was going to render the life of a young, innocent and pretty girl as golden as possible! The most baffling thing was that many who used to publicise the misdeeds of Musharraf Ali and his son through whispers and enjoy diabolic pleasure were now parading themselves as their well-wishers and enjoying the situation.

Some might find the *biryani* at the wedding feast very delic ous. But Rahmat Khan had no special liking for it. He was aware that neither ghee nor even groundnut oil would go into its making. On the contrary, it would be made of animal fats. And to render it less consumable, cashew nuts would be finely ground and mixed with the stuff. These are but open secrets. Yet there are people who devour plenty of it with great gusto and relish. Rahmat Khan had to swallow it because his wife and children too had come away for the wedding and he would not get any meal at home if he returned there empty-stomach.

Though it was past 2 O' clock now, the bustle at the dining tables had not subsided. Suleiman Saheb somehow obtained two chairs and he and Rahmat Khan joined the diners. Having inhaled the spicy and delicious aroma blown from various dishes for quite sometime Rahmat Khan had lost his appetite. It was for formality or habit's sake that he had now sat at table. As he was wont to eat slowly and unhurriedly, he felt that the way some were eating was rather strange and unbecoming of decent people. It seemed as though there was a competition among them in eating the dinner. Some were grabbing pieces of mutton from the extra dishes kept on the tables even before they had finished the stuff in their plates. Some had not only had their children seated on either side of them but also had a toddler on the lap and feeding him, too. And they were blissfully unperturbed by the inconvanience caused to themselves and to others. A few tables away a server spilled *daal* on the sleeve of a diner, another tumbled down a water-jug and the water fell in a neighbour's plate and some of it streamed down the table and drenched a diner's pants. There followed angry remarks and hot arguments. And one or two sedate voices succeeded in pacifying them: "These small inconveniences are concomitant to a wedding feast, one has to put up with them ...", etc.

Rahmat Khan felt that a single row of diners would be of some convenience on such occasions. When there is another row sitting opposite to you, as at present, you cannot avoid observing the diners, even cursorily or surreptitiously. Rahmat Khan was compelled to throw fleeting glances at a few gluttons. One of them, who hed put on a shirt of many-coloured stripes, was lolling out his tongue while puttidg each morsel of food into his mouth. Another, whose shirt bore big floral designs, was making such sounds while eating as cats do while lapping milk; yet another reminded him of a dog's eating habits. Each resembled a brute in his mode

of feeding, In fact none of them was a rustic or a reptile. All were so-called civil and cultured men. They had been to school. college and university; worked in offices and firms; imitated the actions, fashions and dialogues of their favourite film stars. But having not learned how to behave themselves while eating a dinner, many of them appeared to be fit for living in jungles.

Finishing his lunch, Rahmat Khan told Suleiman Saheb to wait for him at the entrance. He then entered the veranda of the bride's house and sent word to his wife through a girl. When his wife Zareena came out, he told her: "It won't be before another hour and a half that you womenfolk can have your dinner. I prefer returning home to waiting here that long."

While returning along with Suleiman he told him, "Let us have some tea somewhere". Knowing that a cup of hot tea does good to wash down the oily stuff swallowed willy-nilly, both of them walked for a few minutes and then entered the Moon-Star Restautant.

As they were leisurely walking towards Rahmat Khan's residedce, two of their friends, namely Khader Mia and Azeez Baig, happened to meet them. Chating together they follow-Rahmat Khan and Suleiman. How could one ask one's friends to go away or not come along when they themselves do not show any inclination to cut short their meeting? Because of the coincidence of meeting them and their accompaniment, Rahmat Khan can had to forgo his pleasure of enjoying a nap in the afternoon.

Even the things they talked, sitting in the drawing room-were about the bygone, the current, and the future marriages. Marriages alway provide enough matter for almost endless conversations. Wasting some more time, therefore, did not seem to be a grave offence. But when the gossip

seemed almost interminable, the arrival of Zareena and children gave Rahmat Khan greater relief.

And as Zareena stepped in she said, "Had you waited some time, you would've witnessed the most memorable part of the wedding, I mean the most wonderful happening!"

"Having seen such wonders over the years, they won't interest me now Zareena. If only you could offer us some good tea, it would surely inspire us to listen to your description", said Rahmat Khan, laughing.

Even as Zarrena went in, Khader Mia observed, "Nothing seems to be more interesting than listening to the accounts of a bridal ceremony narrated by womenfolk."

"Yes, indeed", said Azeez Beig, and hastened to add, "It's only when the women folk describe things that one can get a real picture of a wedding ceremony : the costumes and the ornaments women wear on the occasion, how much of it is real and how much fake, and how many had donned their own jewels and how many had embellised themselves with borrowed or hired ornaments, and so on."

"After all, a wedding means all that, and perhaps much more, wether it is one's own possessions or borrowed ones.

Otherwise a marriage celebration does not look grand. The very term *Shaadi* means rejoicing, doesn't it? ... And you shouldn't be harsh in your remarks, my friend", replied Khader Mia jocularly.

"Oh, no; I never meant to be harsh; you see. I only said what's what; that's all", said Azeez Beig in defence.

"May be; but how cleverly you were imputing to

womenfolk the observations you've yourself made", Suleiman interfered, pretending to tease Azeez Baig.

Soon Zareena brought them tea. And Azeez Beig asked her, "Now tell us *Bhabi,* what wonderful things did you feast your eyes on at the wedding ceremony today?"

The details recounted by Zareena were doubtlessly wonderful. The brideroom had not only been offered the usual gifts comprising half-a-dozen pairs of wollen suits, a wrist watch with a rolled gold case and a golden chain studded with gems, a scooter and enough cash. Besides those the marriage expenses were all borne by the bride's father. The dowry consisted of utensils ranging from cups and saucers to buckets, boilers and chattels of all descriptions and sizes, and made of various metals— brass, copper, stainless steel, and aluminium, too! And slippers and shoes— my God— —were enough to make a show-room of them! As there was no sufficient room in the *Shamiyana* to display them, most boxes containing the ware had to be kept unopend. No wedding in the city, they said, had ever been so grand and never was such a large dower given to any bridegroom so far.

"That's right. The idea behind it must be that if the bridegroom failed to become a successful doctor, he could open a shop or a stall with any of those gifts", remarked Azeez Baig, pu ting the cup-saucer on the teapoy.

"Whatever it might be, we are unlucky to have missed the spectacle of such a unique exhibition. A wedding ceremony must be so grand that people must admire it and remember it long", Khader Mia said, wiping the sweat around his nape with his left hand.

Rahmat Khan considered it all silly and intolerable. He felt like expressing his opinion too, and said, "How lightly you people talk of a serious institution such as marriage! The

groom may be the only son of his parents, and the bride the only daughter of her parents, too. But there is nothing humiliating on the psrt of any in-laws even if they gift away a gold mine to their son-in-law secretly, if at all they are so rich as to squander away their bounty". Even as he was commenting he got up and opend the western windows,

"But you see, Allah has showered enormous wealth on Mr. so-and-so. Why the hell we envy his lot? Let those who have wealth, parade it", said Khader Mia, slowly taking out a packet of beedies and matches from his pocket.

"But those who parade their glory this way try to prove that they are poor when the question of paying taxes arises, and very frugal when they are expected to give alms, don't they? Let it alone, and consider this: Weren't there, among the wedding guests, a number of young engineers, doctors, and other highly qualified graduates, some holding lucrative posts and many hankering after simllar positions? Having seen Ashraaf get such an enormous dower, won't those eligible bachelors demand as much from their would-be parents-in-law? What would be the fate of poor maidens if the 'grooms become stubborn before or after the marriage? Have you given enough thought to this nefarious aspect of a modern-day marriage?" said Rahmat Khan.

"Yes, of course. It's an issue which deserves some serious thinking on our part", said Azeez Baig, turning a little thoughtful.

' Not some thought, but enough— rather much more— thought, my dear friend", Suleiman said, after having kept mum for long, "Our prophet gave his beloved daughter Fathima just a few earthen vessels, a bedstead made of rush-strings, a pillow made of leather and stuffed with palm-leaves,

an anklet, a water-skin and a pair of milling stones— essential things and not luxury goods".

"Whenever I witness vainglorious weddings or hear of them, and seeing the evil practices some men follow, the question that comes to my mind, time and again is: If simplicity, fairness, honesty and such other values are meant only to be preached, where's the proper place for practising them— in the outer-space?" observed Rahmat Khan.

Accritique

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by **Parameshwara Hegde**

'Old Iggappa Hegde married a third time, there wasn't any conjugal happiness for the pair ; the bride's lot was widowhood in her girlhood.'

The main title of the drama suggests that it is a farce ; but this is not a farce because it is not intended to make people laugh, with its ridiculous situations. The sub-title -the consequence of bride - sale - almost summarises the theme of the play. The total effect of the situations and the events is one of satire. The playwright, by satirising the very custom of selling innocent girls for money, throws light on the evil custom that existed in the latter part of the 19th century among havyakas— a class of people who speak a Kannada dialect and who have their own brand of brahmin culture.

"Iggappa Hegde Viwaha Prahasana" is the first independent social play in Kannada. This is the first printed drama in prose ; the drama is in the spoken language of hevyakas. But the strange thing is that it was not pr nted and published in Karnataka but in Bombay in 1887. The drama having a revolutionary subject matter in a spoken dialect, had to remain incognito for a long period of time, because of the resistance of the so called traditionalists, because of the dialect used and mainly because of the dearth of scope for a

social drama. The credit of bringing this drama to light go to Late Lingesh Sharma who reliased the significance of the living theme and got it printed again and published it at the appropriate time of the Kannada literary conference held at Kumta in 1953.

The author of the drama it seems, wanted to remain anonymous ; therefore in the fifst edition, the name of the author is mentioned as a Well-wisher Scholar of havyakas. It appears that the author, remaining anonymous, wanted to point out the evil customs of the havyaka society and bring about a change for the better.* Though the drama is called a Prahasana, a farce, it holds a mirror to the entire havyaka society of the latter part of the 19th century.

A sixty-year-old man, Iggappa Hegde, who not repaid the loan amount taken for his second marriage, mortgages his immoveable property for the payment of bride-price for his third marraige. Ganesh Bhat a self-stayed commission agent satisfies his itching palm by receiving undeserved money from both Iggappa Hegde and the bride's father Shiva Bhat, it is he who matches the unmatchable horoscopes and marries the girl-bride, Savitri to Iggappa Hegde. Thus he deceives both Iggappa Hegde and Shiva Bhat. Iggappa Hegde within a few days after his marriage, starts suffering from jaundice. Slowly he loses his physical strength and begins to repent for marrying a young girl in his old age. Thus repenting, he breathes his last. Shiva Bhat's house in consumed by fire. His entire family becomes destitute. Iggappa Hegde's third wife, Savitri, is trapped by Vasappa Hegde, Iggappa Hegde's brother-in-law. In due course, she becomes pregnant. The fear of the society around her pushes her to get

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**The name of the dramatist is Venkatraman shastri Soori.*

the child removed. But somehow the abortion comes to light. It is taken to the court of law. The judge who finds more of social evils in the society gives them minor punishment.

The present drama deals with some burning problems of the havyaka society of the period. Since this is a work of art, the dramatist does not go beyond the limits of art. We see the skill of the dramatist in characterisatian, in the creation of situations and events, in the language used and in the setting. Though the problem depicted is one of the havyaka society of a particular period, the work rises above time and place. It is relevant even today, This, we must say, is the success of the playwright.

Though the characters in the play belong to differant castes and creed, the majority of them belong to the havyaka Society. Iggappa Hegde is an illiterate, credulous old man; Thongh with one foot in the grave, he has an Illusion that he deserves to be married again, that he can get a child for the continuation of the family line. In him the dramatist finds a man without foresight, a man who can be easily deceived; though a moneylender exploit him, atill he has immense faith in him. When he finds that all the things have gone beyond his control. he repents in vain. Another important character is that of Vasappa Hegde. This is a complex character, In the presence of a well-wisher, Vasappa Hegde Iggappa Hegde's brother-in-law, wants to achieve his selfish ends. It is he who spends money, who sees to the matching of horoscopes and marries Savitri to Iggappa Hegde after he foresees the design to fulfill his selfish end. Till the end of Iggappa Hegde he pretends to be his well- wisher; but after his death he contrives to possess both Iggappa's property and Iggappa's wife, Savitri for himself. But since he could not pay the interest charged by the money-lender, he was forced to mortgage his own

property along with his brother-in law's. Ultimately he is punished because of his illicit relations with Savitri which leads to abortion. Thus he is insulted and physically punished. Vasappa Hegde is a living character. He deceives himself by trying to deceive others. Though he is cunning, his cunningness is of no avail before the money lender, Rayaru. Savitri is a victim of her father's greed for money. Her father, Shiva Bhat, knows well that Iggappa Hegde, is too old to marry Savitri, but he is ready to give bride-price. This greed prepares him to sacrifice his daughter's future. Through Savitri, the dramatist tries to reveal the tragic end of the helpless and innocent creatures. Denied conjugal happiness, trapped by a cunning man, having become a widow, Savitri with Vasappa Hegde's child in her womb faces the cruel, merciless and unsympathetic society. Savitri deserves our sympathy. Among other characters, Ganesh Bhat, a middleman, is depicted as a real character. Shiva Bhat who sold his daughter to an undeserving old man, finds his house burnt down and his only son dead. Ultimately he becomes a destitude. This is a sort of nemesis he must suffer. The character of Rayaru, a money lender is beautiful y depicted. He is a representative of the exploiting class. He proves his superiority over others beause of money. The character of the Sessions Judge appears to be the mouthpiece of the dramatist.

Iggappa Hegde Viwaha Prahasana' is a short drama of 32 pages. The characters and their dialogue are varied, though the drama is in havyaka dialect. Though the drama belongs th the previous century it discusses Sex without any sophistication and moral bias. The dramatist shows his supreme skill through his dialogues. The drama begins very naturally with a discussion about tobacco. Slowly the author introduces the subject matter. Again, we come across a situation wherein we are told that Savitri had an abortion when Iggappa Hegde was alive. About this incident Iggappa Hegde tells

his brother-in-law. Vasappa Hegde: 'Now this child is lost, it is good that it is lost. However this is the time of twilight, it is the time of the departure of worry and arrival of wealth ; She is sitting near the threshold ; you ask her now : had I gone to her even for a day ? Then how is it that she became pregnant !' The drama has a natural flow of this kind of dialogue. The drama becomes almost irrestible because of the story and the dialogue.

It can be said that the drama holds a mirror to the social problems of the time. That was the time when a bride was sold like a commodity : man could marry at any age, but a girl was to get married before puberty. A rich man could marry any girl of his choice by paying bride-price for the umpteenth time. The parents sold the girl for the sake of money. When a girl was married to an old man, naturally he could not physically satisfy her. As a consequence immoral relationships increased. At the same time child - marriage created more problems. When the old husband died the young widow had no future life. Actually the number of widows increased. Apart from this problem, there is another problem which the dramatist brings to light. That is the problem of bribery. When Savitri gets her illegal child removed, the legal problem crops up. To nip it in the bud, the officers of the lower category are bribed. There are financial problems. These havyakas are depicted as the exploited ones, because of their ignorance, illiteracy and credulousness.

In this context a few words about the language of the drama must be added. The havyaka characters speak in their dialect which is influenced by old-Kannada. When a havyaka speaks to a man of a different caste he speaks pure Kannada of course, which is again influenced by his dialect. When Rayaru speaks Kannada, we find the influence of Konkani, his mother tongue. Sherugar speaks Kannada spoken

in Dakshina Kannada. As a consequence, there is no monotony, but we have variety. In a way, there is God's plenty.

'Iggappa Hegde Viwaha Prahasana' is the first social drama in Kannada. It is a thematic play, depicting the evil custom of bride - sale and its consequences. The drama with its dialogue and technique appears to be authentic because of the dialect which goes well with the background of the havyaka society as it existed then.

Sociology and Kannada Literature

—**Chandrashekhara Nangali**
Tr. by **K. Narasimhamurthy**

'The current drive in present day Kannada literary criticism observes Dr. K. V. Narayan' is towards investigating the interrelation of literature and sociology. Such an investigation is being undertaken in the areas of creativity in literature and communication in literature. It must be borne in mind that these two areas cannot be strictly demarcated. Consideration of one could influence consideration of another.' ('Dasavarshika Vimarse', 1986, Page 225). The present article seeks to examine such explorative efforts in Kannada literary criticism along with their ideological frames of reference.

Creativity in Literature

We could approach the problem of the interrelationship of sociology and literature in the field of creativity in literature from two directions :

(i) Literary genesis from the point of view of socialogy.

(ii) Sociology from the point of view of creative literature.

When we look at creativity in literature from a sociologycal angle, the problem that faces us is whether it is at all possible to create literature through the accepted principles and tenets

of sociology. Similarly, when we look at socio'ogy from the point of view of literature, the question we encounter is one about the nature of sociological ideas expressed in literature. The writer who has developed the dialectics on this subject is Dr. Ananthamurthy in his essay of 1968, 'The Future of the Novel in Kannada', wherein he examines the following two themes :

(i) Sociologicol idεas expressed in Westren fiction prior to the rise of sociology as a science; and

(ii) The dilemmas faced by Western novelists after the advent of sociology and their strategies in resolving them.

The Dilemma regarding Superstructure and Infrastructure.

Marx categorizes all ideological systems as superstructure and the socio-economic systems that determine them as infrastructure. Art and literature, according to Marxism, are distinctive expressions relating to superstructure. It is true that Marxists view all activities in relation to modes of production. However. while speaking of the interrelationship of sociology and literature, Marx himself remarks, 'Certain periods of highest development of art stand in no direct relationship with the general development of society, nor with the material basis and the skeleton structure of its organization. Witness the example of the Greeks as compared with the modern nations or even Shakespeare., ('The critique of Political Economy', 1857). The grounds on which Marx makes such an admission that prima facie appears to concede the autonomy of art and literature a:e as follows :

(i) A sense of harmony between the superstructure and the infrastructure is discernible on the assumption that both of them are equal to each other.

(ii) Novelists can themselves observe certain sociological factors in a country like ours where sociology is inadequately developed; and

(ii) Novelists can reach out to certain unique truths that sociology however highly developed may not be able to arrive at.

Anantamurthy's article on the subject upholde the uniqueness and autonomy of literature. The idea of the genesis of literature through sociological factors hardly appeals to him. He cautions to be on our guard and maintain a certain distance instead of surrendering ourselves to sociological factors. He is however, in favour of recognising that sociological implications might inspire the rise of literature.

Though there is no dearth of discussion of the interrelationship of sociology and literature in Kannada in the matter of creativity in literature, rarely have efforts been made to formulate the necessary ideological framework. Among the few such formulations may be mentioned Anantamurthy's (Brahmin-Sudra), Chandrasekhar Patil's (Bandaya-Dalit litarature) and G. Ramakrishna's (Brahmin Literature-Dalit Literature). These have been discussed for over two and a half decades and have consideably helped to understand the problem of creativity. The concepts of superstructure and infrastructure can help to elucidate the nature and form of creativity. Witness the following observations.

(i) "In a country like India where caste differences exist it is not possible for a writer belonging to one particular caste to make his own the experience of belonging to another caste" (Anantamurthy ; 'Prajne Mattu Parisara', page 53).

(ii) "A preposition put forword in discussions on the novel, 'Malegalalii Madumagalu' runs as follows, 'Kuvempu

conceives society from the standpoint of a sudra. While he can see how the brahmins exploit the sudra's he is unable to see how the sudra's exploit the dalits." (B. Krishnappa 1980, cited in 'Dasavarshika Vimarsegalu', page 228).

(iii) "In 'Chomana Dudi' the focus is all on the feelings hat arise in Choma's mind. The Novel has as its subject the rise and fall of Choma. No attempt has been made to trace the factors responsible for his predicament. Being of Choma's caste myself, I look at Choma's predicament quite differently. My sights are fixed on the forces that have reduced Choma to his present plight. The world around Choma appears positively demoniac." (Devanur Mahadeva, 'Vichara Sahitya' –2, page 66).

(iv) 'It is not possible for a man from a higher class or caste, however sincere he may be, to be a success as a leader in the cause of the lower classes or castes. This is because the forces that have shaped him since his childhood continue to maintain their hold over him making it imposible for him to have a comprehensive idea of their interests.' (K. Marulasiddappa, 'Kannada Nataka Samikshe', page 42).

(v) 'The social conceptualizations and the historical experiences that find expression In poetry are determind by definitive social hierarchic experiences. It is only such truths as come within the range of their experiences that these hierarchies are able to express', D. R. Nagraj, 'Shakti Sharadeya Mela', page 370).

These citations assume complete correspondence between and the absolute identify of infrastructure, meaning socio-economic conditions and superstructure, meaning art and literature. Sam. Ba-Joshi's views seem to be complementary to the same standpoint. 'If a country is decadent', he says in 'Vichara Sahitya'–2 (page 41), the level of its art and

literature can be no better. We must look for significant drawbacks working below the surface'. During discussions with Dr. K. V. Narayan, he discribed Joshi's view as Arnoldian and went on to recall how Masti s views were quite different. Masti holds that periods of social decadence and turbulence can very well give rise to great art, why, for that matter, even Bendre's proposition that 'poverty is the paramount theme of literature' is also premised on the principle that art and literature transcend socio-economic conditions.

The Dialectics of Marga and Desi

The concepts of Marga and Desi, originally linguistic and literary, have over the years developed further and further dimensions of meaning so that today they connote implications that are veritably sociological. In a sense such implications can be discerved even in the works of the firs trenaissance in Kannada poetry from certain indications in Pampa and 'Kavirajamarga'. The following excerpts show the way these terms are deployed today in their new avatar.

(i) 'Not only did Kuvempu bring over into Kannada the variovs forms of English poetry but made good also the deficiencies he found in them. An epic like 'Ramayana Darsana' represents at once the achivement of such an enterprise and the fulfilment of the aspirations of the age. In fully exploiting the rhythmic vitality and variety as well as the diversity of themes and points of view that Bendre found in Marati and Kannada folk poetry, Bendre emerges as a totally Desi poet. If Kuvempu's poetry represents Marga, Bendre's represents Desi.' (G. S. Shivarudrappa, 'Gatibimba', 1965, page 85).

(ii) 'While mere Sudra consciousness produces folk literature, mere Brahmin consciousness produces literature, sophisticated but devitalised and wanting in muscular vigour and it is only when both these consciousnesses merge that

literature of a unified sensibility can emerge', (Anantamurthy, 'Prajne Mattu Parisara', 1967, page 53).

(iii) A. K. Ramanujam in his preface to his 'Speaking of Shiva' (1973, page 22) discussing the various senses and connoations of the terms, 'The Great Tradition' and 'The little Tradition' brings in also terms like 'classical' and 'folk' and 'Marga' and 'Desi', giving them a sociological dimension of meaning.

(iv) 'If we survey literature from a stylistic point of view we find a cyclical pattern of movement from Desi to Marga/classical and back again from Merga/classical to Desi. As it progresses from Desi to Marga, the poet's erudition comes to the fore and his imagination may lag behind. Once Marga gets established it takes a really great poet to shift it back to Desi' (K. V. Narayan, 'Pampa, Ondu Adhyayana, 1982. page 207).

(v) The two ways in which Kannada culture reacted to the advent of the colonioan power were (i) the path of assimulation and integration, opened up by B. M. S. and (ii) the path chosen by the North Karnataka mystic poets who wrote pure Desi, unaided by any system of modern education. This is the view taken by D. R. Nagaraj in his 'Shakti Sharadeya Mela' (1982, page 375). He asserts that for the most part in Kannada poetry it is nationalism that dictates the way the subjeot is dealt with. He makes the significant point that while the principle of assimilation and integration is to be seen throughout, a diametrically opposite approach is encountered in Bendre and Adiga.

We can trace in the above citations the incremental accretions of meaning to the terms, 'Marga' and 'Desi', till 'Desi, begins to mean 'Desi culture'.

A question that arises at this stage is, what exactly is the

relationship between creativity in literature and that in other disciplines? The indigenous Rasa Theory concepts of 'Utpatti Vada' and 'Abhivyakti Vada' came in handy here. According to Bhatta Lollata's 'Utpatti Vada' 'Rasa' is related to 'Vibhava' as something created, achieved, promoted, while according to Abhinavagupta's 'Abhivyakti Vada', Rasa' stands in relation to 'Vibhava' as something suggested, connoted. Literature of the 'Abhivyakti' type is of high distinction. It is by no means a product of any other discipline but exists in its own right as an independent and unique entity. Any other discipline can only be connoted or suggested in the action literature delineates,

Literary Criticism

Sociological or social-centred criticism looks at literature from a sociological point of view. In current usage is goes by the name of Marxist criticism, too. There is a widespread misconception that Marxist criticism is an extension of historical criticism. That this is not so becomes clear when we grasp Marxist aesthetics.

Marxist aesthetics differs fundamentally from its opposite which Avner Zis refers to as Idealist aerthetics both in the way it perceives and in the way it contemplates reality, whereas Idealist aesthetics makes artificial distinctions like tragic-comic or heroic-empathic-erotic and interprets things in particular space-time contexts, Marxist aesthetics rejects such distinctions and static interpretations. It is all for a dynamic process wherein reality is conceived holistically and in all its diversity and complexity. Initial developments of such a process have been traced by 20th century Marxist critics in the works or V. G. Belinsky. We do not yet have a comprehensive study of Belinsky who contributed so greatly with his dialectical objective theories to the development of literary criticism. We have as yet but a couple of articles attempting an exposi-

tion of Belinsky's poetics, Belinsky illustrates what he means by dynamic process from the poetry of Pushkin. He writes, 'The poetry of Pushkin is a good example of what is vital and dynamic. The impact it makes does not cease with the poet's passing away but keeps on growing along wlth the consciousness of a society. Each new age has a fresh interpretation to offer, leaving something yet to be said which would be nearer the truth. There will never be a time when everything possible is finalley said.'

A theory of literature building on such a dynamic process does not appear to have been advanced in Kannada. References, however. to such a theory can be found in the writings of K. V. Narayan and G. Ramakrishna :

(i) 'A great artist would not be content with depicting objects and circumstances in static he would definitely go further to suggest the pattern and the direction in which the objects and the circumstances undergo changes', (G. Ramakrisha, 'Munnota', 1980, page 66).

(ii) 'We can distingı ish two kinds of recording a live situation ; one static and the other, dynamic. Bones discovered in archeological excavations or ashes left behind by earthquakes or lava are examples of the static kind. It is different with literature which is something dynamic. Admitted that it takes its form in a particular period of time. But it would be wrong to think that it is tied to that period of time. To put it differently, it is only when a work emerges, finding its form in grappling with its time and gradually developing its own individual ambience that it can be said to have acquired literary distinction.' (K. V. Narayan ; 'Sahitya Charitre' cr 'Sahityadali Charitre', 'Sudra' of 11. 8. 1986.)

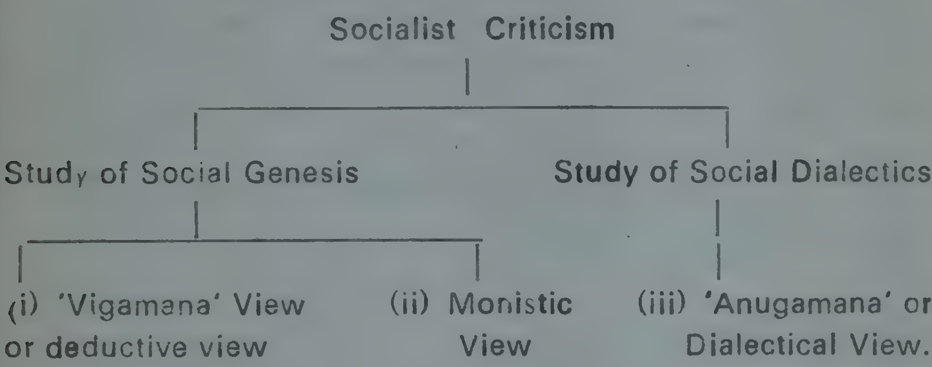
These articles provide a model for the development of a truly Marxist theory of literature in Kannada.

To return to the misconception our writers labour under about treating Marxist Criticism as a further development of historical criticism, it would appear that it has its roots in an exposition of historical criticism by Wilbur Scott. In that exposition, Scott suggests that Marx and Engels only added 'methods of production' to Taine's trinity in his theory of race, movement and milieu. L. S. Seshagiri Rao in his 'English Bhasheyalli Adhunika Sahitya Vimarse' (1972. pages 177-79) and C. N. Ramachandran in his 'Sahitya Vimarse' (1972, page 40) seem to echo this formulation. It should be noted, however, that Taine's theory is tied down to a particular time and a particular place. Literature, according to him, is the product of a particular period of time and of the circumstances of that period in a nation's history. His conception of history itself is of something divided into periods. History according to Marxist phylosophy, is, on the contrary, as the Marxist critic, Raymond Williams puts it, 'a continuous and connected process' ('Keywords,' 1976, page 119). The seed coming out of the fruit of the 'past' contains within it the 'future' in a dormant stage. It would be ridiculous to hold that Marxist criticism involving a dynamic process is a further development of historical criticism which is time-specific and space-specific, time-bound and space-bound.

An exponent of Marxist aesthetics, Avner Zis, in his 'Foundation of Marxist aesthetics' (Page 19) discusses the dialectical opposites one encounters in the fundamental metamorphosis of a time-and-space-bound wordly action into poetic expression using the following categories : 'individual--general', 'subjective-objective' and 'emotional-rational'. A great work of literature arises ot the point of contact or clash of these opposites. (Edword Bullough's conception of psychic distance is in its essence quite close to this view.) A work of art is at one and the same time individual and general, subjective and objective, emotional and rational. Incidentally, even some Marxists (?) have produced tedious 'rational'

works under the illusion that they are writing about 'the general' according to their conception of realism, which Engels dismisses as 'Tendenz roman' or 'problem novels'.

Against this background we may proceed to make a careful survey of Marxist/socialist critical writings in Kannada. It would be useful to do so within the following framework :



early socialist critical writings in Kannada were studies of social genesis. It is only lately that studies of social dialectics are coming up though most of the writings even at present are social genesis studies, There is no need to repeat that social genesis studies take into consideration particular periods of time and the circumstances then prevailing while dialectical studies have their basis in the conception of a dynamic proces.

Dialectical View

This is true Marxist criticism based on dialectical materialism. The dynamism a dialectical critic finds in a literary work reflects the dynamism of social relations. It likewise brings out such a critic's cultural responsibility when he unrevels the present social relevence of ancient works. Critical writing of this kind are quite rare. Two examples may be cited : (i) "Dialectical Form in Janna's 'Yasodhara Kavya'" by G. Rajasekhara in 'Rujuvatu' 1982 and (ii) "Navodaya-

dalli Samajika Niluvugalu" by K. V. Narayan in "Sahitya Mattu Samajika Niluvugalu" (1989).

'Deductive' View

This is not strictly Marxist criticism. This view does not take the dynamism of a society into account. A good example of the 'Deductive' View is historical criticism. Here the work of literature recedes to the background, becoming a mere pretext. The foreground gets taken up by reflections on the period sources of the work. Two examples are C. Veeranna's 'Hanneradaneya Satamanada Kayaka Jivigala Chaluvali' (1980) and the same writer's 'Kannada Sahitya ; Charitrika Belavanige' (I) (1976).

Monistic View

To those of this view a strong sense of tradition is a central concern. A work is contemplated in terms of phenomena that cyclically recur in a cultural tradition. The uniqueness of things dominates this school. Under the conviction that history is a vital developmental force this school explores the way things evolve under the pressure of changing circumstances. A good example is Purnachandra Tejaswi's article 'Parampare Mattu Kuvempu' ('Sri Kuvempu', 1980). Tejaswi perceives in the unceasing fleow of tradition a tendency to resist and reject mainstream Hinduism, a tendency which he finds as an undertow in every lietrary revolution in Kannada.

'Whar inspires the work of Pampa, Ranna the Vachana-kara's, Harihara and Raghavanka', he writes, 'is the same caste conflict that can be seen as a vital force in contemporary literature.' According to him, 'The history of Kannada literature is a history of recurrent revolt. Pampa declared, "Manushya Jati Than Onde Valam" ("The only caste there is, is the human caste".) One can guage the speed as well as the dura-

tion of historical periods from the fact that it has taken a thousand years for Pampa's assertion to bear fruit and for a Sudra to develop into a great poet and produce an epic like Pampa himself.' In this way, a work gets interpreted in terms of development and recurrence. The limitations of this school of critism lie in the dangerous possibility of ending up with facile generalisations. It is a partial view that picks out only the signs of revolt in our tradition. Such a view could bs identified with what Welleck and Warren describe as 'Block Universe' of sameness and immutability (vide 'Theory of Literature', 3rd edn, 1970, page 43)

The writings of Dr. Nagaraj exhibit a queer mixture of all the three forms of socialistic criticism. If sometimes he employes the Vigamana method, he adopts Anugamana at other times. At times he goes in for the monistic or cyclical view also. His comments on Bendre's 'Nritya Yagna' are an instance of his Anugamana approch. He points out how this poem exhibits neither a shallow mind's optimism nor a fragile mind s pessimism but a robust mind's tragic optimism. We observe in these comments a natural integration of aesthetic and philosophic views. This has won him due recognition from Anantamurthy who in his assessment of 'Shakti Sharadeya Mela' observes, 'Nagaraj displays greater sensitively to aesthetic values in his analysis of poems rich in imagery than in his citations of passages from poems of direct statement n support of his views.' According to Anantamurthy the work contains excellent criticism of several poems which constitutes its best pages. Nagaraj follows the 'Anugamana' approach in these passages, unveiling the implied configurations of thought in the poems, rather than the 'Vigamana' view which applies categories of thinking from without.

As an illustration of his adoption of the 'Vigamana' approach, we may consider his 'Adhunika Kavyadalli Samaja',

'Vividha Ayamagalu', in the same critical work. Here, Nagaraj develops his critique of Navodaya literature in the light of the historical ideologies of nationalism, Gandhian political individualism and Tilak's political community-centred outlook. The great danger here is, to repeat what has been said before, not to see how works of literature transcend the impact of their historical period pressures and reach out to universal and all time validity. In an example of his monistic or cyctical approach, we may see in the same section a passage in which he writes, 'The voice of protest against the Janapada religious establishment resounds all through the Kannada literary tradition. This was natural enough as Kannada literature grew up largely within the framework of established religions. They helped to shape values opposed to animistic practices. Even those who rose from the ranks of the lower classes/castes like Kanaka Dasa revolt against the same religious establishment. To this extent we find in Kannada literature uninterrupted continuity of traditional standpoints, (page 381). How similar this statement is to Tejaswi's, cited earlier! Nagaraj ignores the possible inspiration derived by eur writers from Janapada religious establishments, such as what an article in 'Anveshane' of 1989 (page 35), 'Kayakada Vachanagalannu Kuritu,' discusses. Nagaraj's observation is at best a partial view.

How Kannada literary criticism can skirt such dangers and map out its own horizon of conciousness in a clear-cut way has been pointed out by Shantinath Desai in his 'Anya Desiya Sahityaka Haagu Thathvika Prabhavagalu' ('Dasavarshika Vimarse,' 19.6, page 197). 'I am pained to see,' he writes,' in our present cultural and educational situation in our country that neither influences from outside nor reactions against such influences run deep. A kind of superficiality pervades all our cultural activities. One cannot say whether this superficiality is the consequence of the confusion of values or its cause or one is the cause of the other'.

As a result of such superficiality we do not have the necessary atmosphere in which to corrcetly grasp the nature of tune Marxist criticism. The two critics that immediately come to mind when we mention Marxist criticism are C. Veeranna and D. R. Nagaraj. I have already dwelt on the nature of their critical enterprise. True Marxist criticism, in my view, is to be found in the writings of G. Rajashekar and K. V. Narayan. When one sees the comments of even scholars like K. G. Nagarajappa regarding the dialectical point of view of a critique like K. V. Narayan's 'Navodayadalli Samajika Niluvugalu,' it becomes clear that we live in an atmosphere of superficiality in which it is not possible for people to appreciate genuine Marxist criticism. Those who would like further details may kindly look up this writer's 'What should counter-criticism be like ?' published in 'Ankana' in 1990.

How mistakes continue to be committed in identifying true Marxist criticism could be seen in two articles by R. K. Manipala, (i) On C. Veeranna's 'Kannada Sahityada Charitrika Relavanige' and 'Sahitya-Ashaya Mattu Vinyasa,' and (ii) 'Embhattara Dasakada Kannada Vimerse, 'Kelavu Pariseelanegalu' ('Anveshane' 1990, page 36). R. K. considers Veeranna's and D. R. Nagaraj's criticism as truly Marxist. But as I have shown, their criticism is less Marxist criticism than historical criticism and studies of social genesis. R. K. is, however, right in finding true Marxist criticism in G. Rajasekhar's writings, which take a dialectical point of view. One finds self-contradiction in places in R. K.'s work. 'A work of literature,' he writes, which takes its form in language, being a social by-product, its just groundwork, so far as a critic is concerned, is its formalist ('Akrutinishta') principle. Here he gives the formalist view its due importance, recognising correctly the uniqueness and autonomy of a work of literature. But his statement a little later, 'A critic should have the subtlety of perception to explore deductively the uniqueness of a work's intention and structure.' veers round to the 'Vigamana' view which sidelines formalist considerations.

We can discuss the nature of Marxist criticism and Marxist aesthetics employing the following technical terms, 'social awareness,' 'social organization' and 'social implication,' the latter two standing for infrastructure and superstructure and 'social awareness' for social consciousness which takes into account non-literary aspects also, i.e., which acts on a direct intellectual plane. 'Social implication' stands for 'social vision,' something that takes literary aspects into consideration both at the conscious and at unconscious levels. If we appreciate the fundamental difference between these two terms we can see how the 'Vigamana' view predominates in such titles as Baragur Ramachandrappa's 'social consciousness in Bendre's Poetry' ('Bendre Kavyadalli Samajika Prajne') and K. Marulasiddappa's 'Social consciousness in Kailasam's play's (Kailasam Natakagalalli Samajika Prajne'). We can use with profit the terms usedin logic 'Vigamana' and 'Anugamana' to discuss the configurations of thinking in socialist literary criticism.

The social conciousness of a writer is determined by the social organization in which he happened to grow up. Such determinist thinking is reflected in his writing also. But this assumption does not take into consideration that qualit~ of literature which transcends all such determinist levels of thinking. Hence, it wolud be wrong to use the terms, 'social awareness,' 'social implications' and 'social organization' interchangeably, as is being done presently in Kannada literary criticism. The social vision which emerges from a literary work is something that transcends social consciousness at the conscious level. In the heyday of Bandaya literature it may not be to people's liking to speak of social vision and social consciousness as two distinct terms. But it should not be forgotten that the distinction between the two is an integral part of Marx's and Engel's critical wisdom.

'Kavyajeevi'

Tr. by Abdul Majeed Khan

1. The Difference

From time immemorial
the dawn has the same
loveliness.

Opening the doors of the
same eastern - abode,
the whole world gets drenched
in pearly showers.

The heart gets bewitched
by the beauty of
the rising morn - maid.

The zephyr — keeping its
habitual cool—
stalks on its slow steps
like a coy maiden strolling
towards her beloved.

All's ditto; true.
But every bush and hedge
now throats aloud
the cawing of crows.

2. The Reason

"O champak-bodied ivory lass,
How come you're so white?
—so absolutely white?"

'Never does the sun stream
into my house, O lad,
never can I go outdoors.
Not roaming the streets
keeps my complexion white.'

"O damsel with the slender
lotus-stalk waist,
how come you're creeper-like?
—so creeper-like?"

'We eat frugal tiffin and meal,
But from drudgery we've no respite
The belly remains half-fed, you see,
never does the weight increase.'

"O dame with the spotless face,
like the lotus blossoming
atop the hill.
How come you're so flawless?
—so flawless you always seem?"

'The wind of the plains doesn't
sweep here, O friend;
and dust doesn't fall in my eye.
No boy or girl-friend have I ever
to chat in company.
How could plain paper be stained?'

Shyamsundar Bidarakundi

Tr. by Abdul Majeed Khan

1. What could your poetry do?

The indignant pundit asks :

What could your poetry do, O bard ?
The revolver now is cheaper than the pen,
Firing is more effective than poems.
How could poetry tolerate violence ?

The frustrated layman asks :
What could your poetry do, O bard ?
Fill the bellies of the drudging hands ?
Cover the bodies that shiver in the cold ?
Shelter the bald pate under a roof ?

The defrauded reformer asks :

What changes could your poetry bring about ?
Terminate the hollow harangue and
establish real peace and prosperity ?
Uproot the plague, weeds and filth
rampant in the land ?
Will it render the earth and fields fertile ?
Burying the frightful missiles and atom bombs,
will it diffuse love and courage ?
What can it do, tell me O bard—
your poetry that exists on paper ?

Strutting his wise head the poet replies:
I'm a poet if I lend apt expression to
speech.
Poetry does accomplish many a thing.
The word-power is far greater than magic,
miracle and the wand.
If you intently listen to what
the word-arrangement transpires,
If you think raptly
the emotive word–transaction will divulge
the secret of the meaningful rhythms.

The abiding emotion of poetic wisdom
answers these perturbing doubts
and redundant fears.

2. My Chair

Amidst the market's bustle and din
in the narrow lane
One evening I spotted
a donkey-like chair
displayed for auction.

Very solid chair, though old.
Ornate chair, though dust-laden.

Thinking that my beloved wife
and pretty fond kids
might sit warmly together on it

And spend pleasantly the rainy
evenings and winter nights,

Thinking that if friends and
girl–friends came crowding
to my house

I would arrange them in the chair
and gladden them with tea,

Or else, when there would be
none of these
during vacant hours
I would hurriedly scribble
verses in lighter vein
busying myself in a world of
playful thoughts and fantasies....

I calculated it all and
hurled my voice
in the auction by choice.

The donkey-like mighty chair,
the solid chair
the ornate chair!

Answering 'yes' to my own bidding
ceremoniously I carried it home.

The doors of this house
are too narrow
though the rent is high.
It didn't welcome the mighty
big chair.
The chair's sitting outdoors
and I am inside.

What should I do now
with this chair?
How can I carry it in?
The solid chair, though old.
The ornate chair bought in
an auction one evening!

Gururaj Marpally

Tr. by B. Janardan Bhat

Dakshinayana*

Part: ONE

(The original wisdom which created the Universe has kept the fire and the sun for our vision to perceive the same light. Rigveda: 1-50-1).

When such sun
Begins his southward journey

Dakshinayana

That king of an old *Purana*
Turns into a cursed bear
While sleeping in his bed
In the dread of night.

Great hunger of the bear
Clasping the bodies of legal wives
And the bodies of concubines
Great hunger searching for lush
And sumptuous flesh
Nail bites, torn lips and burning skin

---

* Here Dakshinayana (the sun's southward journey after reaching the Tropic of Cancer) is a symbol for degeneration.

Soft flowery lasses and tender babes
Scream out of their slumber
Into an endless nightmare.

In the midst of such a story
When the snow is falling
In that cold night a great crowd
Would come with burning torches
And drive away the hairy bear.
That is the king's recurring fate
And the people's annual feast,

Plaintive moon everyday after
Like the banks of the Ganga, the Yamuna
The Nile, the Euphrates and the Tigris
Like the eternal meditation
Of the pyramids and the mummies
Silence has fallen into the palace
There is no king
No revelries
Day and night just a void.

Neither spirit nor vision
Just a bear hungry like hunger
Roaming throughout the farthest forests
Comes among people again
Sits meekly amidst them
Craving for sumptuous meals
And buxom queens
Unwilling to eat the earth's crust
Or worm or insect.

In anguish knowing not what
Is what
Is this birth or rebirth or trans-
formation
Is it all just but *maya*?

Dried up blood of teenage girls
Still on its bony fingers
Lips and lashes.

Part : TWO

(When **'adharma'** *attacks the society, women lose character ; when women lose character, the society becomes lack-lustre. Bhagavad Geetha : 1-41)*

Such queens of that *Purana*
Bewail over their void
Over their past luck and luxuries
Rest their bejewelled arms
On their thighs
Rest themselves on feathery beds.

Royal priests and warrior chiefs
Loiter around such queens
To protect their souls and their dreams
Eyelash to eyelash
Stroking their arms gently
As if to heal their pains and wounds.
Their bracelets slowly slide
And join their bangles.

Helped by great warriors
And helped by highest priests
The royal household floats
In merriments and aquatic plays
Every wave becomes a burning flame
As comet-like things do appear.

Part : THREE

(The sun erodes our life-span by rising and setting. Bhagavatha 2-3-17).

*Makara Sankramana** comes again
Pilgrims sitting on the river banks
Wait for litters to go far away
To escape famine and drought
Crowds of skeletons roam about
Such is the kingless country's cursed fate.

In the *Uttarayana* when the sun
Turns northward again
In such a story
When seminal sun rays enter
The womb of that barren land
The king who turned bear
Gets back his human soul
And becomes the king as before.

The unknowns pass away
Memories blossom
The bear returns as the man
At the destined time
His eyes fixed on his role
On his stage
The curse-free king returns
To his state.

Then the king as a king
Gets tanks dug, dykes made
Dams built across the rivers
Gives dreams of puberty to dames
Royal damsels roam around inside
In strange fear and burning fever.

---

* On January 14th the sun is believed to begin his northward journey, after reaching the Tropic of Capricorn, according to Indian ephemeris.

Part : FOUR

(The 'Kalapurusha' who has grown up for the destruction of the world· Bhagavad Geetha, 11-32)

Their bodies living in a trance
That country living like all countries
That king living like all kings
That life returning like all curses
In such a *Purana*
Uttarayana and
Dakshinayana and
The sun and
The Time
Would sow dreams
Truth vanishes
Maya unfurls
Sunshine still dances
Hand in hand with sands
Of river banks
Way leads on....

The same time would return
To nights
To silence
To those cursed moments.

Sukanya Maruthi

Tr. by Chandrashekara Patil

TWO POEMS

1. AS I LOOK BACK

Feelings burst open
Into poems. And I look back.
The course of water shocks me.
Oh, those ups and downs !
Those twists and turns !

Cracks in rocks and hills.
Eddies at every turn.
And I've suffered the pain of rush
In my nerves.

Sweeping through the banks
I take in my belly
The mud and the rubbish.
But I flow on
Crystal clear

The fish and the crocodiles
Eat into my bones.
A thousand floods there are.
But none is swept off.
No, not even those
Caught in the whirlpool.

Each pebble that's rubbed against
Is shaped into a work of art.
And, meantime
Everything that's mine
Is crushed
And finished.

2. EVENINGS

How cruel
are the evenings !
How indifferent !
So difficult to digest,
These evenings.

Days
are lost in work
Nights
Slip off into sleep.
But evenings !
They're a problem.

They push memories
back into the past
and squeeze us.
Or play out the dances
of the dark future
and frighten us.

I suddenly feel cold
and weak and old.
And lost in myself
I look for myself.
These bloody evenings
wring my neck

with arms of loneliness.
I feel like Vomiting blood.

No wonder some
take to many wayouts
to flee from the evenings.
Those who can't
get lost in the dark.

Sarajoo Katkar

Tr. by Chandrashekara Patil

TWO POEMS

1. DROUGHT : Five Verses

1

No, no. Not a dream is it.
It just *happened*.

In this bazar
of Bijapur
bodies, without heads,
kept on sale

their kids,
their own flesh and blood.
Two kids a paisa

2

The town is deserted.
Birds have flown away.

The journalists,
puffing at cigarettes,
scribble drought-stories.

Officials wish
for more deaths.

That would fetch them
more funds.

4

Stone-cutter Bhimi
keeps cutting stones.
The sun has turned
stones into fire.

Her child
sucking at her breast
sucks blood.

The heap of stones
doesn't diminish.
The drought blazes on.

4

The shopkeeper
told his manager :
This sun this light
this air this water....

Dump them into go-down
and lock it up.
The day might come
when we can dispose of them
in black,

5

"The whole life I wasted
running at your heel.
where do you take me
in this foul sun ?"

The old woman prattles on.
The old man plods on

without a word,
trampling on her words.

"I'm afraid I might
melt away in the sun."
The old woman prattles on.

The old man, along with her words,
had almost come
close to the Sun.

2. THE CUCKOO AND THE CROW

'Don't slip out a single syllable'
–the cuckoo warned the crow :
"about what I'am to you,
or youto me".

And the crow
got his lips
sealed.

"Don't break into a smile
When I run, by chance,
into you." said the cuckoo.

The crow
forgot, from that moment,
how to laugh.

"And when I'am out there
amidst folks,
don't recognise me."

The very identity of the [illegible]
was lost on the crow.

"And let' meet
again
in our next life."

And the crow.
tarted
believing in
rebirth.

Mahabaleswar Katralli

Tr. by the author

THE TERRORIST IN ME

The terrorist in me is on outsider
He is the outer protector of others' existence,
An internal wrecker.

The terrorist in me, being an invisible destroyer,
Becomes an outward hero whenever
His life and prestige are at stake.
He calls out all and sundry and assures them,
But contrives to safeguard his own suivival.

The terrorist in me is no lover of humankind.
He renders everything futile— the very breath
Of the sentient, and the inner urge to revolt
For a change. Such a scheming doctrinarire he is.

The terrorist in me suddenly appears here
And vanishes somewhere.
He surpasses all lethal weapons— knife, pistol,
Bomb, dynamite, grenade and the like—
He's a well-wiher par excellence,
But stabs people in the back.

The terrorist in me is secular among the
Secular ; a rabid communalist among communalists.
Among humans he is a super-human,
Who, even as he shouts aloud, "I am no terrorist",
Causes tremors in others and diminishes their
heart-beatings.
He is a terrible crook, an unmistakable counter-
part of 'Shakuni' of the Mahabharath.

SALAM SAB

—Siddaiah Puranik
Tr. by D. V. Potdar

Noon; the sun is at the zenith on a hot summer's day,
The fevered land simmers and smokes,
The wind moans
and moves from tree to tree craving to be cooled,
The hot breath of the earth rides
the mirages to join the clouds.
My train runs on like bewildered
into the growing heat and steam spewed by daytime.

I got down at a station— a shack with a tiled roof,
which could hardly hold four people at a time,
half a dozen souls wallowed
in the nigh sultry tin shed
No tree was in sight and no shade,
Remote was my village, the way I knew not,
As I stood pondering
a pitiful cry piersed my ears and shook my heart
'Salam sab'

It urned back and was shocked to see
a human figure appearing to symbolise
the sob of humility, the pangs of penury,
the shriek of suffering, the tears of pity
or some secret sorrow.

Life and breath somehow seemed imprisoned
in the skin and bones.
I wondered
whether this apparition was human or just a shadow
a living corpse breathing aloud.
A quick glance *cap-a-pie*
showed a rag covering the middle,
gray hair out of pity hid his head and chin,
a tattered cloth hung from his shoulder
he leaned on a crutch, a bowl in his left hand
and with his right he touched his brow
'Salam sab, Salam Sab'

His body covered with dust, and dried-up sweat,
the shrivelled skin, the bones sticking out,
the dull eyes, the furrowed forehead
the stomach hunger-shrunk, the bent back
the shaky grey head, the dry stuck tongue
he was a picture of India's poverty
as he stood mocking the sun,
a living epistle from sorrow to pity.
'Salam sab, Salam sab'

The sight melted my heart,
but intellect warned,
"This Turk plundered our glory,
an alien he split the country
he deserves not pity, let him perish !"

But another voice whispered
'Dont rave, this poor Turk isn't India's enemy
but a handful of selfish people blinded by Mammon,
Let their sins be not visited on him'
I started, for this was certain
the poor Turk begs for food, demands not Pakistan,

Why hate him?
I threw down a four-anna piece
'Salam sab'

His joy delighted me.
The famished fellow will have his fill.
Clan considerations affect
birth, dress, individuals black or white,
but vanish before
hunger, poverty, pity,
and when heart speaks to heart,
'Salam Sab, Salam Sab'

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FORM IV

ANIKETHANA

Statement about ownership and other particulars about newspaper 'ANIKETHANA' Bangalore as required to be Published under Section 19-D (b) of the Press and Registration of Newspapers (Central) Rules 1956.

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I Sri Baraguru Ramachandrappa hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Sd/-

(Sri Baraguru Ramachandrappa)
Publisher

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....While we do not despiar of our attempts at giving this journal a certain singular pattern, we make it clear that such an attempt needs the co-operation of the contributors. The question here is not one of bad carpenters quarreling with their tools but want of tools themselves, despite the fact that the Land does not lack in good writers and translators. If only many of them could shed their slug–gishness—and most of them their apathy—we would not have sought excuses of any sort.